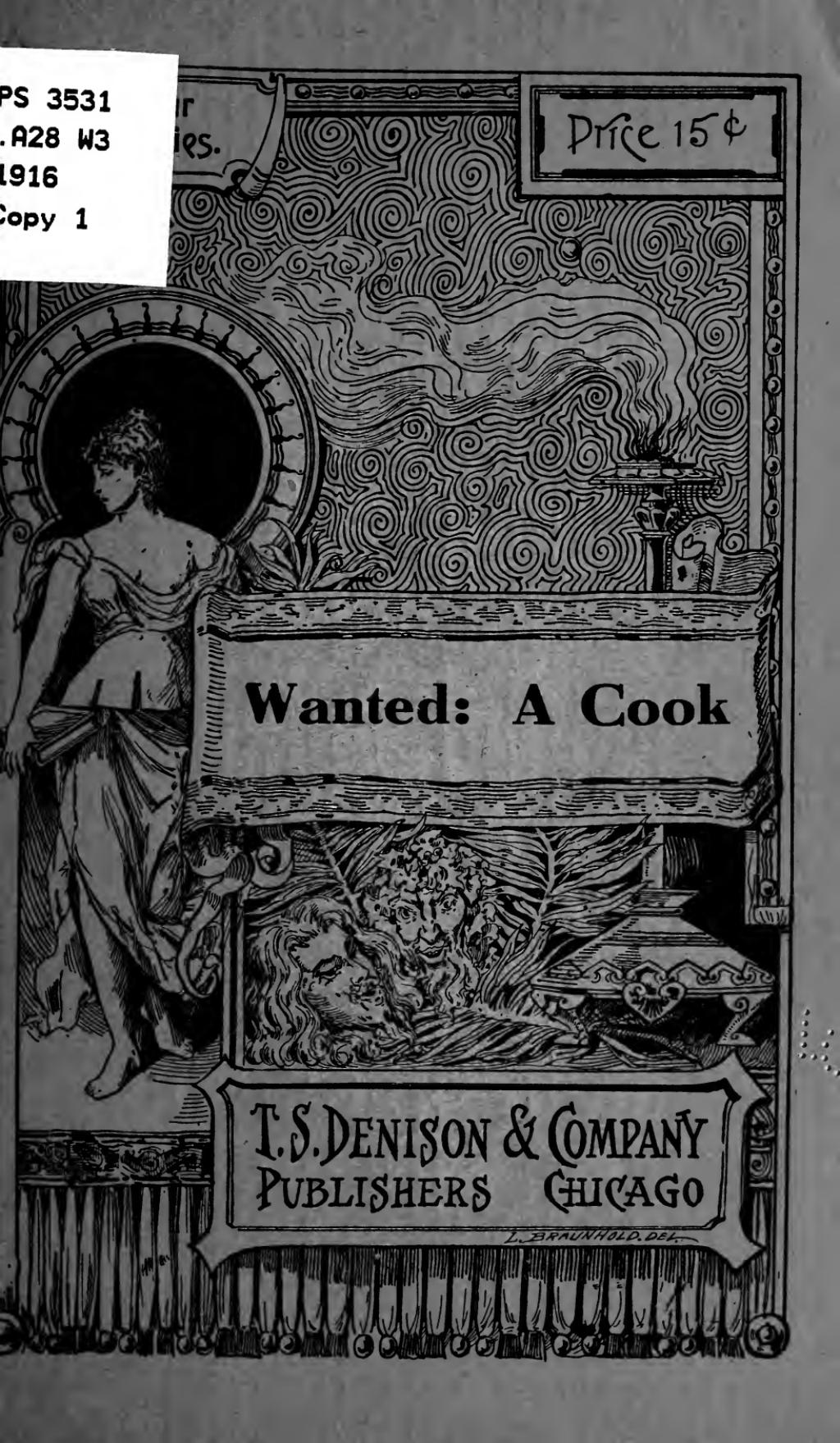


PS 3531  
.A28 W3  
1916  
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Price 15¢



# Wanted: A Cook

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

L. BRAUNHOLD. DEL.

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Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min. ....	2
Billy's Mishap, 20 min. ....	2
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min. ....	5
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min. ....	3
Box and Cox, 35 min. ....	2
Case Against Casey, 40 min. ....	23
Convention of Papas, 25 min. ....	7
Country Justice, 15 min. ....	8
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m. ....	3

# WANTED: A COOK

A COMEDY

FOR ONE MAN AND SIX WOMEN

BY

EDITH F. A. U. PAINTON

AUTHOR OF

*"A Prairie Rose," "A Burns Rebellion," "As a Woman Thinketh,"  
"The Class Ship," "The Graduate's Choice," "Winning a  
Widow," "Hypnotizing a Hypnotist," "Sister An-  
gela," "The Commencement Manual," etc.*



CHICAGO  
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS  
[1916]

PS 3531  
Az8W3  
1916

# WANTED: A COOK

## CHARACTERS.

MRS. HUNT.....	<i>A Lady in Search of a Cook</i>
BIDDY .....	<i>An Irish Girl</i>
GRETCHEN .....	<i>A German Girl</i>
HELGA .....	<i>A Norwegian Girl</i>
DINAH .....	<i>A Negress</i>
SUSAN SAMANTHA .....	<i>An American "Cook-lady"</i>
HOP LEE .....	<i>A Chinaman</i>

NOTE.—The character of Hop Lee can easily be assumed by a girl, if it is not desirable to have a man in the cast.

SCENE—*A Room in Mrs. Hunt's Home.*

TIME—*The Present.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*Twenty Minutes.*

STORY.

Mrs. Hunt, who has advertised for a cook, is visited by six different applicants, each of whom seems so impossible that the lady, in desperation, resolves to be her own cook.

## SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

A housekeeper's trials. Biddy to the chase. "Praties, praties, praties." Helga is considered far too pretty "to do at all," and Dinah is quite too healthy, while Gretchen knows too little English, and Samantha too much American. Hop Lee is confident that he can "makee Melican ladee likee velly much," but she is deaf to his appeal and resolved to fix her own bread and milk, if need be. "I wonder what Harry will say!"

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② C.I.D. 43893

MAY 13 1916

4015  
no 1.

## CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

MRS. HUNT—House dress, refined and elegant.

BIDDY—Dark green dress, with hat much trimmed in green. Rather fleshy. Carries bundle. A good-natured, motherly face, somewhat red.

GRETCHEN—Short bright red dress, darker bodice, laced with black cord. Wooden shoes.

HELGA—Blue dress with many ruffles and buttons. Very light hair in long braid. Bright innocent blue eyes, wide open. Shuffles feet in walking, moves and talks very slowly, pronouncing each syllable as though it were the last. Tall and slender, with child-like manner. Carries carpet-bag.

DINAH—Very large, very black, very strong. Bright colored dress, flashy jewelry, many flowers and ribbons of many colors on hat. Carries bundle in large red bandana handkerchief.

SUSAN SAMANTHA—Very dressy and stylish, much jewelry. Walks briskly, with dominant air. Chews gum continually. Carries suitcase, umbrella, handbag, hatbox, etc.

HOP LEE—May be given by either girl or boy. Loose suit of white linen. Black hair in long queue.

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### STAGE SETTING AND PROPERTIES.

This play was so written as to be given on any platform, with no setting but a table and two chairs. Newspaper, purse, notebook, pencil and money required for Mrs. Hunt; carpet-bag for Helga; bundles for Biddy and Gretchen; parcel wrapped in red bandana handkerchief for Dinah; suitcase, hatbox, handbag with notebook and pencil, and watch for Samantha; pipe with very long stem, and stew-pan of odd shape for Hop Lee.

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### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

*R.* means right of stage; *C.*, center; *L.*, left. The actor is always supposed to be facing the audience.

# WANTED: A COOK

SCENE: *A room, entrance R. and L., furnishings to suit convenience. It may be given on any platform merely requiring a table and two chairs.*

*At rise MRS. HUNT discovered sitting beside table.*

MRS. H. How hard it is to find a suitable servant nowadays! And how much harder it is to know how to keep one when you do get hold of her. Ever since Anna thought she had to leave me just for the sake of getting married, foolish girl!—it seems that I have had just one string of cooks after another, and not one of them stayed long enough for me to get acquainted with her. Harry says I always have three cooks—one going, one here and one coming. But it seems to me that I never have any at all. Oh, dear, dear, dear! I do hope my advertisement in the *Times* this morning will bring me a good American girl at last. Harry just won't stand for foreign help—says he can't translate the food they serve. (*Takes newspaper from table.*) Let me see. How did the notice read? (*Turns to advertisement and reads:*) "Wanted—A Cook. Must be"—(*bell rings loudly off R.* MRS. H. *jumps up, dropping paper.*) Ah! There's someone now.

*Enter BIDDY, R., with bundle.*

BIDDY. Sure, now, and is this here the place where yez was afther advertisin' in the paper for a cook, mum?

MRS. H. Indeed it is. Are you a cook?

BIDDY. A cook, is it? Sure, now, and it's mesilf as is the best thing in the shape of a cook, jist, as iver hilt a skillet in her two hands, mum, at all, at all.

MRS. H. (*aside*). And Harry would never be satisfied for a moment with an Irish cook in the house, I'm sure. (*Aloud, hesitatingly.*) Are you sure you—

BIDDY. Och, sure, an' it's mesilf as is that same,

(*Puts down bundle as though question was settled.*) And what shall I be afther a-cookin' yez for supper?

MRS. H. (*sits with troubled air*). But where have you cooked before, please?

BIDDY. Why, sure, mum, in ould Oirland. (*Sits complacently, as for visit.*)

MRS. H. But where in America before?

BIDDY. In Ameriky, is it? Niver a bit, mum; niver a bit. It's mesilf as jist come over from the ould sod. And it's mesilf as is so homesick this day for a soight o' the grane that yez couldn't be afther belavin' it, jist. Do be lettin' me get some more corn-bafe and cabbage in the pot to give mesilf a whiff o' the rale loife, mum. (*Jumps up, stands hand on hips for orders.*) And where may I be afther a-findin' the praties, mum? (*Looks around room.*)

MRS. H. I did not want you to get supper tonight, Miss—Miss—what's your name? (*Takes pad and pencil from table as if to write down name.*)

BIDDY. There jist ain't no "Miss" to it, mum. Yez can't miss me. It's jist plain Biddy O'Shannigan—that's me, mum.

MRS. H. (*with pencil at lip*). But you must leave me your full name and address, you know, so I can write you—

BIDDY (*interrupting with loud laugh*). Och, sure, now, yez naden't be afther a-botherin' about the loikes o' that, mum. Yez won't niver be a-nadin' to write me no litters, mum. It's mesilf as'll be afther a-shtayin' right close by yez, mum, so yez can foind me wheniver yez be a-wantin' to have a word wid me. (*Looking around room with air of getting used to it.*)

MRS. H. (*rising, greatly troubled*). But, you see—

BIDDY (*reassuringly*). It's mesilf as has come to shtay, mum. It's me church dress, and me Sunday bonnet I'm afther a-wearin', yez see, and me kitchen duds is all here on the floor. (*Points to bundle.*) Hadn't I better be a-puttin' them on mesilf, jist, and palin' the praties, and—(*begins to try to open bundle.*)

MRS. H. No!

BIDDY (*looking up in surprise*). But—

MRS. H. (*more emphatically*). No!

BIDDY (*facing her indignantly, hands on hips*). Didn't yez wrote in that paper as yez was afther wantin' a cook?

MRS. H. (*shrinking back in fear*). Yes, But—

BIDDY (*advancing on her as she retreats*). And sure now, ain't I a cook?

MRS. H. I don't know. I—I—(*BIDDY steps up threateningly*) I—guess so. (*BIDDY, slightly mollified, steps back a step*.) But—but—(*sinking into chair tremblingly with fright*.) What can you cook?

BIDDY (*calming down, counting on fingers*). Boiled praties, fried praties, corn bafe and cabbage, pratie stew, hash, onions, raw, fried, boiled or baked, onion soup, cabbage soup, corn bafe and pratie soup, and—and—oh, yes, baked praties, and stewed praties, and—

MRS. H. But you see, we never eat very many potatoes. Just my husband and I, you know. And as for corn beef and cabbage, or onions in any form whatever—ugh! We can't have the odor of it in the house.

BIDDY (*astounded*). Odor, is it? Odor? There jist ain't none o' that shtuff iver mxed in wid me hash, mum. We don't niver be afther usin' none o' that sort o' truck in the ould counthry. But och! it's the foine shmall it has when I gits it in the pot, sure, an' ain't it, jist? (*Smacks lips*.) It's mesilf as shmalls it now, and—

MRS. H. (*rising*). But listen. If you come to be with us, it will be the dishes that we like that we'll have to ask you to cook.

BIDDY. Dishes? And is it *dishes* yez cook, over in Ameriky, mum? Sure, now, an' it's mesilf as'll be shtarvin' to a shadow, for it's niver the loikes o' Biddy as could be afther atin'—

MRS. H. We require desserts, salads, entrees, condiments, garnishes—and—

BIDDY (*staring as each word is pronounced*). Och, sure, now. Shtop yez tazin' me, mum. It's sure niver the loikes o' them hathen things as rale live human Christians 'ud be afther atin'!

MRS. H. But it's our daily menu—

BIDDY. Me and you? Oh, no, mum! Go long wid yez! Sure an' it may be *you*, if yez be that crazy-like, but it's niver the loikes o' *me*! Oi'll go somewhere else, and hunt some place for me sarvices as is fit for a clane dacent Oirish girl, who has her good old praties siven toimes a day, and betwane toimes. (*Sings.*) "And we'll kape the pig in the parlor, for that is Oirish, too." Sure, an' Oi will jist. Good morning to yez, mum.

MRS. H. Good morning. (*BIDDY takes up bundle, exits haughtily.*) Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I didn't know but I'd just have to take her in self-defense. And to have to eat "praties, praties, praties"—dear me!

*Enter HELGA, R., with carpet bag, looks all around room eagerly.*

HELGA. Ay tank me ay like it—dees har place—joost as soon as ay ban acquainted with myself.

MRS. H. Well, well; and who are you?

HELGA. Ay ban Helga. You ban write you need gal.

MRS. H. Yes.

HELGA. Ay tanks me ay come be your gal. Yes? (*Smiles blandly.*)

MRS. H. I see. (*Aside.*) She's too pretty—far too pretty.

HELGA. So ay tank it ban taime to maike lattle supper like in old Norvagen coonty. No? Ay skol—(*starts to open bag.*)

MRS. H. But wait. Where did you come from?

HELGA. Me? Oh, ay ban coom from South Dakoty, on my vay from Minnie-soty—

MRS. H. But haven't you worked?

HELGA. Oh, yaas. Ay tank ay worked very mooch. Now ay skoll—(*starts to open bag again.*)

MRS. H. (*aside*). She would never do, with that face. I'm not a least little bit jealous, but I know my Harry, and—(*aloud*). But I do not think I want a foreign cook. I—

HELGA (*innocently*). Foreign? Ay tank you ban crazy voomans. Ay not forain von bit. Ay ban Norvagen.

MRS. H. But I do not want a Norwegian girl. I want a native American.

HELGA (*eagerly*). Y-a-a-s. Ay ban 'Mer-i-can—native 'Merican gal. Ay serve my papers on myself tree months gone now.

MRS. H. But you wouldn't do—

HELGA. Ay would do yust what you ban tell me—

MRS. H. But I can't have you—

HELGA (*bursting into tears*). Oh, dear! oh, dear! Ay tank you voomans say bad tengs to Norvagen gal, yust like beeg fallar with club; when all the taime ay yumped my yob for you, yust cause you need von cook. (*Sobs in skirt of dress, peeping over now and then to watch effect on Mrs. H. Finally sees it is no use and drops skirt.*) Ay tank me ay go back and vork for goot faller what ban yust like my brudder in Norvagen coontry. (*Exits weeping.*)

MRS. H. Poor girl. I'd like to—but I couldn't have her. She's a regular baby-faced doll, and there's Harry, and—it would never do.

*Enter DINAH, R., with parcel.*

DINAH. Some one done left yo' doah open, Missus, so I comed right in, fo' I done see dat dis heah war de same numbah as I saw writ out in de advertization, so I jes' done knowed yo' must be mighty hungry, an' so I says, "Dinah, yo' good-fo'-nothing niggah-woman, what fo' you don' go right erlong to do de cookin' fo' de poah lady? 'Pears like yo'd hab a h'aht!" So I done bwought mah duds, too, honey, 'cause I knowed yo' was mighty anxious fo' some good ole hoe-cake and bacon.

MRS. H. You look like a good, strong, healthy girl, I'm sure; but—

DINAH. Strong? Why, I could done carry yo' on mah back, missus. (*Advances to her. Mrs. H. retreats in alarm and holds up hands to ward her off. DINAH retreats, laughing.*) I'se suah a mighty healthy chile.

MRS. H. (*looking her over critically*). And are you industrious?

DINAH (*puzzled*). Am I—I—I—what yo' done call dat,

Missus? I don't t'ink dis heah chile am none ob dat. No, sah. I jes' done likes to wo'k, and wo'k, and wo'k, Missus, to keep from being—*in dust with us*. I don't git no time fo' none ob dat so't ob t'ing. No, sah.

MRS. H. And honest?

DINAH. Honest? I 'clar now. What yo' done 'sinuatin' 'gainst dis heah chile, Missus? Honest? Why, I'se so honest I doesn't draw a long breff in somebody else's house. 'Pears like I done can't do dat, Missus.

MRS. H. (*sits*). And what can you cook?

DINAH. Why, honey, dis chile done—

*Enter GRETCHEN, R., out of breath. Carries bundle.*  
MRS. H. *rises*.

GRETCHEN. Is dot de blaces vhore von bapers say ein goot cook vas wanted?—yah? In de papers I saw dot, und I have come meinself alreatty. Vot you got? Colored maid? Yah? (*Points DINAH.*)

MRS. H. (*glancing uneasily at DINAH*). No; I have not yet—

DINAH (*cutting in hastily*). Oh, yas, Missus. I'se done gwine to stay.

GRETCHEN. I meinself from Sharmany come. Goot sauerkraut I cooks, yet, and de veinervurst shust like everyt'ings, I makes, und ach! de lager peers I serves meinself already! Yah!

DINAH (*turns on her savagely*). But yo' just can done—

GRETCHEN (*Backing away*). Und you to me say, I do it not? Nein! Nein!

*Enter SAMANTHA, R., with great swagger. Carries suitcase, hatbox, etc.*

SAMANTHA. Is this the joint where you made a bid for a grub-slinger? I'm the cheese you're peeling you're eyes for, take that from me. I'm the swellest piece of cooking stuff that ever came down the pike from 'Frisco. Send these immigrant freaks a-flying about their knitting, and I'll get a move on myself and rustle some grub. (*Drives DINAH and GRETCHEN out R.*) Go! Hike! Sneak! Skidoo!

(Turns to MRS. H. and sits.) Now we can sit down and talk business.

MRS. H. (*timidly*). Why, I—I—I don't believe I—

SAMANTHA (*commandingly*). Sit down. (MRS. H. *hesitates, but finally is outlooked and sits.*) What salary do you offer, madam? (*Writes notebook.*) Hunt's the name, I believe? (MRS. H. *nods.*) So I gleaned from the advertisement. What salary did you mention?

MRS. H. (*timidly*). We pay four dollars and a half.

SAMANTHA. Oh, how dreadful! Why, I wouldn't look at your kitchen for less than ten.

MRS. H. But four and half is all we can—

SAMANTHA. Nonsense. You'll have to make it ten. How many in the family, please?

MRS. H. (*faintly*). Only two—myself and my husband.

SAMANTHA. Oh, my; that's one too many. I never cook for so large a family. When I condescend to assist ladies in their kitchens, it is only for myself and my *hostess*. Your husband must get his meals down town. I slave for no man. You'll arrange for that, of course?

MRS. H. Why, of course I shall *not!* The idea! I—

SAMANTHA. I believe I forgot to tell you that I'm a suffragette, madam. I am just from England, where I did some mighty fine work, and I've only come across the pond to advance our cause. I repeat, your husband will have to go, for I seriously object to dogs, children, and men.

MRS. H. (*angrily*). Now, see here; I—

SAMANTHA. You never said a word about anybody but your own individual self in the advertisement. Yes, the man must go.

MRS. H. (*rising indignantly*). I'm afraid you won't suit me. I—

SAMANTHA (*rising haughtily*). After looking your dinky establishment over, madam, I am sure *you* won't suit *me*. I'm used to far different environments, let me tell you that. I'm no three-for-a-cent doll baby. Just pay me for my time and I'll go.

MRS. H. (*aghast*). Your time? Pay you? Pay?

SAMANTHA. Certainly. Pay! Do you think a woman

like me would spend one minute of her valuable time without sufficient renumeration? Why, in—

MRS. H. (*interrupting nervously*). But I—

SAMANTHA (*consulting notebook*). I began to read your advertisement at exactly five minutes and a half before one. Of course, I naturally spent some time in considering it. Then I dressed myself, packed my suitcase, paid my bill at the Aldorf-Wistarria, and came in answer to it. It took me some time to find the right place. You really must have that number of yours replaced, madam, for I could hardly decipher it. And I have been here looking over the situation and discussing the proposition with you for quite awhile longer. It is now (*takes out watch and studies it deliberately*)—just 6:30. So I have spent in your service exactly five hours and thirty-five and a half minutes. As I charge fifty cents an hour for my time, you will see, if you are good in mathematics, that you owe me exactly two dollars seventy-nine and three-fifths cents, which is so near another cent that we might as well call it eighty, for of course I've wasted some time figuring it up. You'd better make it two-eighty-five; and hurry, too, before it adds up to any more.

MRS. H. (*starts to protest, but sees the look of determination in SAMANTHA's eyes and yields weakly*). I—I—I don't think—I—I—yes, I'll pay it. (*Goes to table to hunt purse, speaks aside*.) Anything to get rid of her. I don't know but it's cheap at the price.

SAMANTHA. Of course you'll pay it. I never like to sue. It makes so much expense, but—

MRS. H. (*nervously counting out change*). Two-eighty-five, you say? Fortunately, I can make the exact change, so—here you are. (*Hands her money*.)

SAMANTHA. That's a Canadian dime. Can't take that, madam. (*Gives coin back*.)

MRS. H. Dear me! Have I another? (*Searches purse*.)

SAMANTHA. Hurry up, madam. Time's worth money, you know.

MRS. H. Here are two nickels.

SAMANTHA. That will do. (*Counts money carefully*)

*again and puts in purse.)* Have you a pen handy? I'll write you a receipt.

MRS. H. Why, I hardly think that will be necessary.

SAMANTHA. Oh, no extra charge. I always do business on business principles.

MRS. H. (*nervously searching table*). But I can't find a pen.

SAMANTHA. Well, just as you say, then. Only don't go to blaming me if anything unpleasant comes of it. Ta, ta! (*Exits R.*)

MRS. H. (*with dignity*). Good afternoon. Two dollars and eighty-five cents! What will Harry say? Well, I've spent more in a less worthy cause and which gave me less satisfaction. If she ever saw even the map of England, I'll miss my guess. Oh, dear me. Whoever would have thought it would be so hard to find a really good cook for just us two? Dear Anna! I never seemed to appreciate it when I had her in the kitchen so long, but if she was here now—wouldn't I just *hug* her?

*Enter HOP LEE, R.*

MRS. H. Why, who is this?

HOP LEE. Hop Lee, good Chinee! Wantee workee Melican ladee! Heapee good cookee!

MRS. H. But I don't want a man cook.

HOP LEE. Allee samee good cookee. Makee fine souplee. Chop suey. Noodles. Velly fine.

MRS. H. But I don't like soup, chop suey, nor noodles.

HOP LEE (*pulling stew-pan from big sleeve and waving over head*). Allee samee, velly fine. Hop Lee make Melican ladee likee velly much. Melican ladee allee samee likee—get much used herself to it.

MRS. H. (*in exasperation*). But I don't wish to get used to it. (*Aside.*) He'll be trying to feed me on rats next. (*Aloud.*) I tell you, I—

GRETCHEN *peeps in at R.*, BIDDY *at L.*, DINAH *at C.*

GRETCHEN. I vonders who dot feller vos, already, mit der long pigtail.

DINAH. Yo' suah ain't done gwine to let dat pig-tailed fellah do yo' cookin' fo' you, am yo', Missus?

BIDDY. Och, sure, now, and what do yez think o' the loikes o' that same? It's not mesilf as could iver be shtandin' the taste o' me praties wid a hathen cook like that. (SAMANTHA pushes past GRETCHEN at R., with superior air. HELGA sticks head under DINAH'S arm at C., smiling blandly.)

SAMANTHA. And have you engaged a cook yet?

MRS. H. Yes, yes, I have!

EACH (pointing to self eagerly). Me?

MRS. H. (emphatically). No!

EACH (disappointedly). Oh!

MRS. H. (with sudden assumption of authority). You may all—go! (Drives out each in turn. SAMANTHA lingers till last, but is finally induced to go, sweeping out proudly, glancing back over shoulder with scorn.) I'll be my own cook. I'll get my own meals. Even if we have to live on bread and milk, I'll fix it! I can at least understand my own language and endure the thought of my own food. If I get so I can't do that, I'll just go to a boarding-house before I'll ever willingly go through such an experience again. But—(sits in despair.) Oh, dear! oh, dear! I wonder what Harry will say!

CURTAIN.

# The Royal Highway

By CHARLES ULRICH.

Price, 25 Cents

A comedy-drama in 4 acts; 8 males, 3 females. Time, 2½ hours. **Scenes:** 3 interiors. **Characters:** Arthur Morgan, a lawyer. Charles Williams, a mine superintendent. Bill Hampton, a political boss. Harry Felton, a clerk. Horace Allen, a secretary. Rev. Jordan, a Methodist minister. Jimmy Farrell, an ex-convict. Sam Harrison, a detective. Margaret Ames, known as Miss Holmes. Lucy Matthews, a stenographer. Mrs. Mary Jones, president of the Ladies' Aid Society.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The game of modern politics. The bribe. Morgan defies a political boss. "I'll crush you like I would a fly!" An anonymous philanthropist. The compact and avowal of love. The robbery and accusation. Margaret saves Morgan's honor. "No, it was Providence!"

Act II.—"I wish I had a millionaire friend like Miss Ames!" Farrell butts in. "Youse is playing a game of hearts what ain't in your contract." Williams divides the spoils. Margaret defies Williams, "Where did you get that money?" A villain's kiss and punishment. The power of attorney. "You'll be at my feet crying for mercy!"

Act III.—"Who is this anonymous philanthropist?" "The New York police are looking for you!" The tables turned. "I'll get your measure all right!" The story of Morgan's sorrow. "I could not forgive the woman who deceived me!" The nomination and accusation. Margaret's joy. "You are indeed a man among men!"

Act IV.—"This suspense is driving me mad!" The letter. "I'm on the track of the man who killed my sister!" The convict's secret. "Williams was my pal in Sing Sing!" Margaret reveals herself. "Gee! She's an iceberg!" "How little you know of true love!" Williams pays the penalty of treachery. Harry's promotion. On the royal highway.

# Re-Taming of the Shrew

By JOHN W. POSTGATE.

Price, 25 Cents

Humorous Shakespearean travesty in one act; 6 males, 5 females. Time, about 45 minutes. One simple interior scene. **Characters:** Petruchio, Angelo, Duke of Illyria, Othello, Macbeth, Grumio, Katherine, Mariana, Viola, Desdemona and Lady Macbeth. **Plot:** After her woeful honeymoon, Katherine becomes an ardent suffragist and imposes household duties on Petruchio, who submits to petticoat government. At a meeting of the women, man's doom as a political or domestic power is announced. The women return to Petruchio's home to find their husbands having a high old time. A lively controversy ensues but the men win the day when they threaten to appeal to the divorce courts. This travesty draws material from "Taming of the Shrew," "Measure for Measure," "Twelfth Night," "Othello" and "Macbeth." It retains many of the original lines from the plays, yet most ingeniously devised to fit the conditions of today. Costumes either Shakespearean or modern. Especially recommended for schools, colleges, etc. Replete with humor and should please any good club or society.

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# The Deacon Entangled

By HARRY OSBORNE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. **Scene:** 1 interior. **Characters:** Deacon Penrose, a member in good standing. Calvin, his nephew. Rev. Sopher, a supporter of foreign missions. Harry Baxter, a sporting writer. Rafferty, a policeman. A Plain Clothes Man. Mrs. Penrose. Ruth, her daughter. Georgie, Rev. Sopher's daughter. Katy, a maid.

#### SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—In which the Deacon finds himself in a tight corner. Dr. Sopher, who can coax money out of a wooden Indian. A thousand dollars for the new pipe organ. Cal arrives. A clean-up-clouter instead of a ministerial prospect. "Did I forget my necktie and button my collar in the back?" The Deacon spends a night out. "We won't go home until morning."

Act II.—The raid on the gambling joint. "Why didn't you jump when I told you?" On bail. "A thousand dollars to the Doc or you lose your job as Deacon; a thousand to the judge or six months." A sporting chance. Ready for the game. A donation to Foreign Missions and a double barreled courtship. The elopement. The arrest. "Come on Cal, I'll see you through."

Act III.—The big game. Tied in the Tenth. Cal goes to the box. A Pinch Hitter. "Over the scoreboard." On the Deacon's trail—the Horse pistol—pay the fine or go to jail. A hair line finish. "Hold on, Copper." "Here's your thousand and here's your girl. Look happy and have your picture taken." A new son-in-law. "Bother Boarding School." The Deacon smiles.

# A Trial of Hearts

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

College comedy in 4 acts; 6 males, 18 females. Time, 2½ hours. **Scenes:** 3 interiors, 1 exterior. **Characters:** Dudley Van Antwerp, a wealthy college man. Philip, his best friend. Roger, Teddy, Jack and Jerry, fraternity men. Mrs. Van Antwerp, of great importance. Honor, Dudley's wife. Fourteen lively sorority girls. A chaperone and a maid.

#### SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Gretchen and Jerry play Romeo and Juliet. Ted pleads the cause of Kappa Psi. Jack argues for Delta Chi. Dudley introduces Honor to his mother. Virginia learns of Dudley's marriage. "I want to go home—oh, I want to go home!"

Act II.—The football enthusiasts bring news of Barbara. Gretchen and Jerry study Latin and argue fraternity. Honor finds it all a little strange. Dudley tells Virginia his love story. "Oh, Dudley, you hurt me!" "There's nothing left for me but to go away!"

Act III.—"I wonder if people ever get too busy to care!" Mrs. Van Antwerp opens fire and Honor stands her ground. "I mean to stay!" "I wish I had no heart—it aches so!" "Dear little girl, it is good-bye." Honor hears Dudley declare his love for Virginia. "Oh, Dad-Dad—your little girl is coming home!"

Act IV.—Gretchen and Jerry "grow up." The Seniors toast the past, the present and the future. Mrs. Van Antwerp reproaches herself. "Here comes the bride." The Kappa Psis and the Delta Chi holds reunions. "Honor, is it really you?" "If you want me, I am here."

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